Thou wor'ſt that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me Coſen,
I never ſaw ſuch valour: when you chargd
Vpon the left wing of the Enemie,
I ſpurd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horſe.
Pal. You had indeede
A bright Bay I remember.
Arc. Yes but all
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,
Nor could my wiſhes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by vertue,
You are modeſt Coſen.
Arc. When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.
Pal. But ſtill before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too &reight?
Arc. No, no, tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A bruiſe would be diſhonour.
Arc. Now I am perfect.
Pal. Stand off then.
Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.
Pal. I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cauſe and honour guard me.
They bow ſeverall wayes: then advance and ſtand.
Arc. And me my love: * Is there ought elſe to ſay?
Pal. This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we deſire to ſhed is mutuall,
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killſt me
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for thoſe that ſleepe in honour,
I wiſh his wearie ſoule, that falls may win it.

Fight

Fight bravely Coſen, give
Arc. Here *Palamon*: T
Come neare thee with ſuc
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curſe me, a
For none but ſuch, dare di
Once more farewell my C
Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

Arc. Loe Coſen, loe, ou
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the Duke, a
If we be found, we are wre
For honours ſake, and ſafel
Into your Buſh agen; Sir w
Too many howres to dye i
If you be ſeene you periſh
For breaking priſon, and I
For my contempt; Then
And ſay we had a noble di
But baſe diſpoſers of it.
Pal. No, no, Coſen
I will no more be hidden,
This great adventure to a ſ
I know your cunning, and
He that faints now, ſhame
Vpon thy preſent guard.
Arc. You are not mad
Pal. Or I will make th'a
Mine owne, and what to co
I feare leſſe then my fortu
I love *Emilia*, and in that i
Thee, and all croſſes elſe.
Arc. Then come, what
Thou ſhalt know *Palamon*
Die, as diſcourſe, or ſleepe
The law will have the hon
Have at thy life.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C